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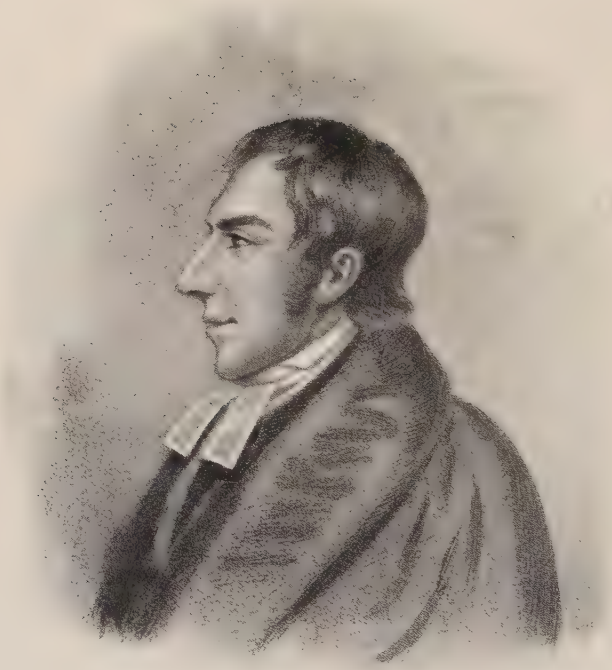
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES WOLFE



PORTRAIT OF WOLFE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES WOLFE

With a Collotype Facsimile of
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and
an Introductory Memoir by
C. LITTON FALKINER

LONDON
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.
1909

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PREFACE

THE scope and purpose of this little volume sufficiently appear from the introductory memoir and need not be defined in a preface. But it is perhaps as well to observe that the inclusion in this collection of Wolfe's poems of all the verses the poet is known to have composed is not to be taken as an averment that each of them is independently worthy of republication. The enthusiasm of the present editor is naturally less highly pitched than that of Wolfe's first biographer; and the original publication of the school-boy poems on "The Death of Abel" and "The Raising of Lazarus" was perhaps a doubtful exercise of discretion. Though the practice of printing posthumously everything that editorial industry can discover is one that is too commonly abused, it seemed that in dealing with a poetical output so slender as Wolfe's the arguments in favour of including all of his verses that have been already printed were irresistible.

The substance of the "Introductory Memoir" appeared some years ago in the *New Ireland Review*, and the editor has to thank the proprietors of this periodical for permission to utilise the article here. The copy of the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" in Wolfe's handwriting is reproduced by kind permission of the President and Council of the Royal Irish Academy. The editor's thanks for much kind assistance are especially due to the Rev. John Gwynn, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College, Dublin.

C. L. F.

September 1903.

INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR

DESCENDED from a family which from the middle of the seventeenth century had been settled in the County Kildare, Charles Wolfe was the son of Theobald Wolfe, of Blackhall, in that county. One of a family of eleven children, and the youngest of eight sons, he was born on September 14, 1791. His father died when Charles was but eight years old, too early to exercise any influence upon the mental development of his youngest son. Through him the poet might trace two vague connections with the atmosphere of Irish rebellion, in which his childhood was passed. It was from Theobald Wolfe that Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the United Irishmen, derived his Christian names; and the poet's father was also first cousin to Arthur Wolfe, Viscount Kilwarden, who, when Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, was murdered in the Emmet rising. Of Wolfe's mother, a daughter of Rev. Peter

Lombard, the memories that remain are faint ; but she seems to have cherished a peculiarly warm affection for Charles, the clinging affectionateness of whose nature made the tie between mother and son even closer than usual. On the death, in 1799, of Theobald Wolfe, his widow removed with her family to England, remaining there for several years, and the poet's education commenced at a school in Bath, to which he was sent when ten years old. Extreme delicacy interrupted his early studies, but ultimately the boy was deemed strong enough to stand the ordeal of a boarding school, and in 1805 he was placed under the care of Mr. Richards, a house-master at Winchester. Here he remained until 1808, distinguishing himself by a special aptitude for the making of Greek and Latin verses, and manifesting even in those early days the same magnetic nature which subsequently charmed all who came within the sphere of its atttraction. A year after leaving this school Wolfe entered at Trinity College, Dublin.

Within the eight years which elapsed between his entrance at the University and his departure from Dublin on his ordination in 1817, the period of Wolfe's poetical fertility is almost altogether comprised. None, at least, of the pieces printed by his biographer Archdeacon Russell can be

assigned to a later date. His last years, spent in the absorbing labours of his ministry, dimmed by disappointment and darkened by failing health, were unmarked by literary activity of any kind other than what was directed to the composition of his sermons. But the years of adolescence were unclouded. In those early college days, when youth, and health, and the joy of existence were strong within him, Wolfe seems to have thrown himself heartily into the pursuits of the University, applying himself energetically to its graver tasks, and at the same time enjoying to the full the relaxations in which, with the best and most talented of his contemporaries, he loved to indulge. His ability as a classical student was proved by his obtaining a scholarship in his second year, and he then turned his energies to those scientific branches of knowledge to which the then conditions of academic success at Dublin University obliged him to yield a reluctant attention. In this department he was enabled, notwithstanding his natural disinclination to such studies, to win distinction, and at times even to wrest the highest honours from the most gifted mathematicians in his class.

It was, however, in the companionship of those whose tastes were akin to his own, and in the congenial pursuit of literature, that Wolfe's

special characteristics were most freely manifested. He quickly drew to himself the warm regard of a band of unusually talented fellow-students, and became the centre of a circle most of whose members reached eminence in their later careers. Among his immediate friends were Anster, the well-known translator of *Faust*, and the author of poems of not inconsiderable merit; Charles Dickinson and James O'Brien, both of whom ultimately ascended the episcopal bench; the brothers Samuel and Mortimer O'Sullivan, of whom the former was so well known in his day as a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, and was much admired for talents to which he never did full justice; while the latter was equally noted for his skill as a controversialist and his brilliancy in the pulpit. These, with James Wills, the author of *Lives of Illustrious Irishmen;* John Sidney Taylor, eminent, during a career too soon ended, as philanthropist and publicist; Hercules Henry Graves, most promising of many talented members of a gifted family; and John Russell, afterwards his biographer, were the chief among the many associates with whom Wolfe loved to surround himself. Among them, as well in the social gatherings in their college rooms as in the public rivalry of the Historical Society—where talents and tastes,

for which the University course cannot give much scope, have so long found an outlet—Wolfe appears to have played the leading part.

Of Wolfe's demeanour in those days, and of the extraordinary fascination which he exercised over all with whom he came in contact, more than one among his friends have left very striking records. The most graphic and sympathetic among many enthusiastic sketches may be found in a scarce and long-forgotten, but singularly interesting and brightly-written volume, entitled *College Recollections*, which was published anonymously in 1825, two years after Wolfe's death. The volume contains a series of pictures of the writer's college contemporaries, executed with much force and animation. The author was the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan already mentioned; and as he had enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of the poet, his sketch of Wolfe, under the pseudonym of "Waller," gives us an idea of his friend's character, which, since it is not exclusively a panegyric, may, perhaps, be accepted as accurate enough to justify a short quotation.

"The occasion of my first meeting with Waller was a proud evening. It was at a supper given to celebrate his first very distinguished triumph in his college career. He had early acquired a very high reputation.

For the first two years of his residence in college he had devoted himself to classical studies, which seemed more congenial to his fine taste and sparkling fancy; and during this time he had carried off all the prizes, and was admitted to be, by eminence, the most distinguished man of his day. In the third year, when languages are no longer objects of exclusive interest, he found that his inferiority in the sciences precluded him from his accustomed distinction. As usual, his friends used to rush eagerly up to the hall when the bell announced that the examination had ended, and the multitudes issued forth at the opened doors; but not as usual did Waller receive their congratulations, and he had, examination after examination, to read in the countenances around him an expression of disappointment. This was not to be endured. However distasteful to him the sciences were, it was more disagreeable to him to be defeated and to see his friends mortified. The division in which he happened to be was that in which the best science scholar in the undergraduate course had for nearly three years maintained an undisputed ascendency. Waller might, if he pleased, have had himself transferred into a division where he would have had a fairer prospect of success; but this would not satisfy his ambition. It demanded a more noble triumph. He accordingly held his place in his class, and devoted himself only the more earnestly to what might almost be termed a new study. During the entire interval between the examinations he kept his noble faculties concentrated, and in intense action, upon what had been a most distasteful pursuit, and felt himself, when the time of trial drew near, possessed of knowledge and power which he had in the beginning but faint hopes of attaining."

At the conclusion of his academic course Wolfe appears to have determined, as Mr.

O'Sullivan indicates, to read for a college fellowship, being stimulated to this endeavour more by the desires of his friends than by his own ambition, for it was not, as we have seen, in that direction that his tastes chiefly lay. In the later years of his undergraduate career he had devoted much of his time to the Historical Society, an institution which, then as now, fulfilled in Dublin University the functions which at Oxford and Cambridge are discharged by the Debating Unions, and which, founded by Edmund Burke, was in Wolfe's day already rich in brilliant traditions and associations. The oratory of Plunket and Bushe, of Wolfe Tone and the Emmets, had been fostered in this Society, which provided an arena where the most lively intellects among the undergraduates might engage in healthy rivalry. As it was the custom, also, to present medals for the best poetical composition upon set subjects, Wolfe's talents for versification were here fostered, and he won the Society's medal with a poem on "Patriotism." The merit of this piece and of a still more important one, "Jugurtha," written for the Vice-Chancellor's prize, might serve to mitigate the harshness of the judgment which Macaulay, in one of his essays, has passed upon prize poems generally. Whether, owing to the distasteful character of the subjects

which had to be mastered for the purpose of obtaining a fellowship, or because the celibacy which was then enforced upon the fellows would have proved a bar to an union which he then contemplated with the lady to whom one of his most touching songs is addressed, Wolfe soon surrendered his ambition for academic laurels, and devoted himself to the study of divinity, with a view to taking orders. If the second reason suggested was that which really influenced him to this change of plans, it was an unfortunate one ; for the friends of the young lady declined to entrust her happiness to the keeping of one whose worldly prospects were so poor as Wolfe's, and refused to sanction an engagement. Both his biographer and the author of *College Recollections* dwell upon the depressing effect which this ordeal exercised upon Wolfe's naturally vivacious temperament ; and there seems no reason to doubt their assertion that this disappointment was the primary cause of the decline which ultimately proved fatal to him.

In November 1817, Wolfe took orders, being ordained for the curacy of Ballyclog, in the County Tyrone, which a few weeks after ordination he forsook for the more important one of Donoughmore. Here he laboured assiduously for three years, not only winning the affection

and esteem of his parishioners, but also gaining the warm regard of the members of other denominations in his neighbourhood. But throughout his ministrations he was haunted by a settled melancholy, which, though it did not impair his usefulness or his determination to persevere in his work, had the worst effects upon his never robust constitution. The result was that three years of solitary and joyless labour, remote from friends, and uncheered by any of his old hopes and ambitions, sufficed to sow the seeds of consumption in his enfeebled frame. In 1821 he was obliged to abandon work and to move from place to place in search of health. But health was not to be regained. After a fruitless voyage to Bordeaux, he removed to the Cove of Cork,[1] where on February 21, 1823, he succumbed to the disease in the thirty-second year of his age. He was buried in the old churchyard of Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.

The poetical remains of Wolfe do not number, in all, more than seventeen pieces of any consequence, and were, as already observed, almost all of them, composed during his college days. The two earliest were juvenile productions, written at his school at Winchester, and although

[1] Now Queenstown.

they may be said to rise above the average of effusions of this class, they scarcely belong to the realm of poetry, in spite of a few vigorous lines scattered through them. The first of these, entitled "The Death of Abel," is written with precocious power and exhibits originality of thought and expression, but the second, "The Raising of Lazarus," scarcely shows special promise. Both are entirely foreign in manner to their author's more mature efforts; for the most characteristic emanations of Wolfe's fancy are lyrical in form.

It is difficult to refer to their exact places in the order of their composition even these scanty evidences of a genius which a variety of untoward circumstances debarred from its full development. Wolfe never consciously regarded himself in the light of a poet. What little he did write was composed with no more serious intention than to amuse himself and a small circle of friends. To none of his poems does he appear to have attached the slightest value, and for none of them did he expect even an ephemeral fame. They seem, as has been said, to have been almost accidentally preserved. Not one of them was written for publication. In most cases, as undoubtedly in the case of his most celebrated verses, they were suggested by a chance accident. Wolfe was in the habit of

throwing them off from time to time, and showing them to his intimates, by whom they were handed about the college in manuscript, and many pieces which have not survived were probably produced in this way. But the reputation he thus acquired was a purely academic one, and warm as were the praises with which each of these poems was greeted in his own circle, Wolfe's modesty never allowed him to think of himself seriously as a poet. Thus it was that when the incentive which the interest of his college companions provided was lost to him in the retirement of his curacy, he appears never to have attempted further composition.

These circumstances render all the more remarkable the exceeding beauty of the lyrical pieces thus written at random. Wolfe's genius was, indeed, essentially lyrical. He had a quick ear, and a vivid delight in music, and was possessed of an exquisite and almost unwholesome sensibility to every sort of emotion. All his most successful efforts were made under the immediate impulse of some strong feeling. The account which is given of the origin of the beautiful song commencing

"If I had thought thou couldst have died,"

admirably illustrates the nature of his poetic gifts :—

"Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air, 'Gramachree.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want individuality of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears. He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not, but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."[1]

This anecdote shows clearly how strong was the lyrical faculty in Wolfe. Individuality of feeling is precisely the note of all the lyrics he has left, and all were apparently suggested in the same occasional way. The Spanish song,

"The chains of Spain are breaking,"

is another instance of his feeling for music, and his skill in transferring to the written words the spirit of the melody they were designed to accompany. It was occasioned by hearing a

[1] Among some extracts from Wolfe's papers, Archdeacon Russell has printed the following reflection:—"Irish music often gives us the idea of a mournful retrospect upon past gaiety, which cannot help catching a little of the spirit of that very gaiety which it is lamenting."—9th Edit. p. 365.

friend playing the Spanish national air, "Viva el Rey Fernando."

All of Wolfe's more important pieces were composed between the years 1814 and 1817. Of the poems not lyrical, the longest is "Jugurtha," written in the first of these years. There is a grim intensity about it, very appropriate to the position and probable feelings of the captive Numidian into whose mouth the soliloquy is put, and which shows a stronger fibre than is apparent in the lyrical pieces. But the most thoughtful and strongest of his longer poems is the "Farewell to Lough Bray"—written in 1815—verses which are not unworthy to stand beside the noble lines which they most resemble and at once recall—Coleridge's *Ode to Mont Blanc*. These, with the two well-known songs, "Oh, say not that my heart is cold," and "My love has an eye of the softest blue," as well as the touching verses beginning "My own friend—my own friend," which were addressed to George Grierson, the brother of the lady he had wished to marry, are the poems which, independently of the immortal verses on the Burial of Sir John Moore, best establish the claim of Wolfe to the title of poet. Other poems marked by the same qualities of metrical charm, tenderness, and individuality of feeling which characterise everything he wrote, are

"The Frailty of Beauty" and the song, "Go, forget me."

Not one, however, of these beautiful specimens of a very rare poetical talent would, in all probability, have been preserved to us but for the chance which led to the composition of the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore." For, although Archdeacon Russell's volumes were intended to perpetuate the piety of his friend as much as the genius of the poet, it is doubtful whether they would ever have seen the light but for the attention which, almost immediately after Wolfe's death, was drawn to his poem by the publication of Captain Medwin's *Conversations of Byron*. In this work Byron was quoted as having referred to Wolfe's verses, the authorship of which was still unknown, as the most perfect ode produced in that poetical age. Medwin, notwithstanding Byron's express and regretful repudiation of their authorship, hinted that they really were the production of his hero, and this led a number of Wolfe's friends to come forward and establish his fame by attesting their knowledge of the circumstances under which the verses were written. Those circumstances, together with the history of the many fraudulent claims advanced in connection with them, form an interesting item in the curiosities of literature. For perhaps no poem has been

the subject of more false claims ; and even the well-known French version published by "Father Prout" in Bentley's *Miscellany* in 1837 has been gravely represented as the original from which Wolfe slavishly rendered his lines !

In a letter of Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, mentioned above as one of Wolfe's college intimates, the following account is given of the occasion which evoked the "Lines" :—

"I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I cannot at the moment say for certainty which) I was sitting in my college rooms. I then occupied the floor of No. 26, and reading in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, in which a very striking and beautiful account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore, Wolfe came in, and (as you know my custom was) I made him listen to me as I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendation of it, and after some little time I proposed to our friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we bent our way to Simpson's nursery, a place about half-way between Dublin and the Rock. During our stroll Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent, and I remember having been provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and the scenery, in which on other occasions he used so cordially to join. But he atoned for his apparent dulness and insensibility on his return when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode. I expressed a rapturous approbation with which he seemed greatly pleased. My brother (Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan) was present when this took place and was also greatly delighted. These were the only verses which our

dear friend at first contemplated; but moved, as he said, by my approbation, his mind worked on the subject after he left me, and in the morning he came over to me with the other verses, by which it was completed."

Mr. Gosse in his note on Wolfe in *Ward's English Poets* ridicules the idea that the *Annual Register* could have afforded any suggestions for the poem; but it appears from Mr. O'Sullivan's testimony that the whole occasion was furnished by the paragraph here referred to, and it will be seen from the following extract that, bald as is the prose account of the incident, it contains the suggestion of all the details of the poem and was closely followed by Wolfe:—

"Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th Regiment, the Aides-de-Camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped his body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened: for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his regiment bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."
—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.

The poem, as thus written, was handed about

among the poet's friends and ultimately found its way into the papers, from which it was reproduced in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

The obscurity under which the authorship of the lines was shrouded led to a number of bogus claims being put forward. One of these was peculiarly ridiculous. Mr. John Sidney Taylor, then a well-known writer in the English press, and an old college friend of Wolfe's, had written to the *Morning Chronicle* of October 24, 1824, in defence of Wolfe's title to the authorship of the poem. A few days later the following letter appeared in the *Courier* of November 3:—

"SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your highly respectable journal (which I have chosen as the channel of this communication from my having been a subscriber to it for the last fifteen years) to observe that the statement lately published in the *Morning Chronicle*, the writer of which ascribes the lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore to Woolf is *false*, and as barefaced a fabrication as ever was foisted on the public. The lines in question were not written by Woolf, nor by Hailey, nor is Deacoll the author, but they were composed by *me*. I published them originally some years ago in the *Durham County Advertiser*, a journal in which I have at different times inserted several poetical trifles, as the 'Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep,' 'Lines on the Lamented Death of Benjamin Gully, Esq.,' and some other little effusions.

"I should not, sir, have thought the lines on Sir John Moore's funeral worth owning, had not the

false statement of the *Chronicle* met my eye. I can prove by the most incontestable evidence the truth of what I have asserted. The first copy of my lines was given by me to my friend and relation Captain Bell, and it is in his possession at present; it agrees perfectly with the copy now in circulation, with this exception, it does not contain the stanzas commencing with 'Few and short,' which I added afterwards at the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alderson of Butterly.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.,

"H. MARSHALL, M.D.

"South Street, Durham, Nov. 1, 1824."

To this very peculiar epistle, in which, as the reader will observe, the supposed "Doctor" laid claim not only to Wolfe's poem but also to Professor Wilson's "Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," Mr. Taylor seriously replied in a very angry letter, heaping upon the impostor vehement abuse, which would have been well deserved had the claim been a serious one. "Doctor" Marshall's letter proved eventually to be a cleverly-contrived hoax, perpetrated by a couple of young Durham solicitors. Marshall was a horse doctor or quack veterinary of Durham, with a fancy for rhyming which had in fact led him to contribute doggerel verses from time to time to the local press, and the letter to the *Courier* was written in his name by the authors of the hoax. A full account of this peculiar piece of practical joking may be found in Richardson's *Borderer's Table Book*, vol. vii.

But although the authorship of the poem had been to all intents settled beyond reasonable dispute, in 1825, it was made in 1841 the subject of a new and more serious imposture. In the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of January in that year, a claim was put forward on behalf of one Macintosh, a parish schoolmaster. Many persons believed the assertions of the *Advertiser*, and the Rev. W. Moir, a Presbyterian minister in the parish where Macintosh lived, zealously supported his claim. Once more the controversy was renewed, and again it provoked a number of fresh testimonies from friends of the real author to the fact that Wolfe had written the "Lines." Macintosh had the effrontery, in the face of these asseverations, to maintain his impudent imposture; which, however, was finally shattered by the opportune discovery, by Dr. Luby of Trinity College, Dublin, among the papers of a deceased brother, of a letter from Wolfe to Mr. Taylor, containing in his own handwriting a copy of the original verses. This letter was made by Dr. Anster, another of the poet's friends, the subject of a communication to the Royal Irish Academy, by which learned body the autograph was lithographed and published, thus setting finally at rest all discussion as to the authenticity of Wolfe's claim to the authorship of the poem. Dr. Anster's communication as reported in the

seventh volume of the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy* is interesting enough to justify a rather lengthy quotation :—

"Dr. Anster, on the part of Dr. Luby, F.T.C.D., read a letter of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The letter, or rather fragment of a letter, had been found by Dr. Luby among the papers of a deceased brother, who was a college friend of Wolfe and of Mr. Taylor, to whom the letter was addressed. The part found had the appearance of being torn off from the rest of the letter. It contains the address ; a complete copy of the ode ; a sentence mentioning to Mr. Taylor that his praise of the stanzas first written led him to complete the poem ; a few words of a private nature at the end of the letter ; and the signature. There is no date on the part preserved ; but the post-mark of September 6, 1816, fixes the time at which it was sent. Dr. Anster read passages from Captain Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, and Archdeacon Russell's *Remains of Wolfe*, in which mention is made of the various guesses as to the author, when the poem first appeared without the author's name in the newspapers and magazines. It was, says Dr. Anster, attributed to Moore, to Campbell, to Wilson, to Byron, and now and then to a writer equal in many respects to the highest of these names, whose poems have been published under the name of Barry Cornwall. Shelley thought the poem likely to be Campbell's ; and Medwin believed Byron to be the author. When Medwin's book appeared, in which this was stated, several friends of Wolfe's, among others Mr. Taylor, to whom was addressed the letter, of which an important part has been fortunately found, stated their knowledge of Wolfe's having written the ode. One gratifying result of the controversy was the publication, by

Archdeacon Russell, of the *Remains of Charles Wolfe*, with a memoir written with great beauty, and, what constitutes the rare charm of the work, describing with entire fidelity the character, and habits, and feelings of one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate natures that ever existed. The question of the authorship of the ode was for ever set at rest, to any one who had ever seen either the letters of Wolfe's friends, at the time of Captain Medwin's publication, or Archdeacon Russell's book. Were there any doubt on the subject of authorship, the document now produced would completely remove it; but for this purpose it would really not be worth while to trouble the Academy with the communication, as it would be treating the insane pretensions, now and then put forward in the newspapers for this person or the other, with too much respect, to discuss them seriously or at all; but another and a very important purpose would be answered by the publication of this authentic copy of the poem from Wolfe's autograph in their *Proceedings*. The poem has been more frequently reprinted than almost any other in the language; and—an almost necessary consequence of such frequent reprints—it is now seldom printed as it was originally written. Every person who has had occasion to compare the common editions of Milton or Cowper, or any of our poets, with those printed in the lifetime of the authors, is aware that no dependence whatever can be placed on the texts of the books in common use. Every successive reprint from a volume carelessly edited, adds its own stock of blunders to the general mass. Wolfe's ode has been, in this way, quite spoiled in many of its best passages. The Academy had now the opportunity of correcting these mistakes by publishing an authentic copy of the poem. Dr. Anster stated the fitness of this being done by the Academy, not only from its being the natural and proper guardian of everything relating to the literature of Ireland, which alone

would seem to him a sufficient reason, but even yet more, from the circumstance that the Academy's *Proceedings* must command a circulation over the Continent, which it would be in vain to expect from any private publication. The poem has been often translated, and the strange blunders which have often got into our copies are faithfully preserved in the translations. In a German translation of the ode, three stanzas of a poem consisting of but eight, are spoiled by the translator's manifestly having read an imperfect copy of the original. In one it is quite plain that the stanza which closes with the lines—

> 'And we heard the distant and random gun
> That the foe was sullenly firing,'

and in which the word 'suddenly' is often substituted for 'sullenly,' was printed falsely in the copy before the German translator. In the second stanza 'the struggling moonbeam's misty light' is lost, probably from some similar reason. The general effect of Wolfe's poem is exceedingly well preserved in the translation ; but there are several mistakes in detail, most of which, perhaps all, arise from the translator's having used an incorrect copy of the original. The translation is printed in the octavo edition of Hayward's *Faust*, p. 304."[1]

At a distance of eighty years from the date of his death and more than a hundred from his birth

[1] The precise facts as to the circumstances under which the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" were composed, and the evidence as to their authorship, have recently been investigated with great minuteness and industry by Mr. C. C. Dove in a series of communications to *Notes and Queries* (9th Ser. vii. 361 ; viii. 72, 169, 188 ; xi. 105, 143).

the figure of the obscure country clergyman, the very fame of whose Elegy was anonymous in his lifetime, seems but the shadow of a shade. Even those who have learned from such brief notices of Wolfe as are to be found in encyclopædias of biography and in the notes to some of the poetical anthologies in which the Elegy has been given a place, that the famous stanzas are not their author's sole production, may be disposed to think his work too slight in quality, and too inconsiderable in quantity to justify this little volume. The stanzas are, in fact, so commonly viewed as the solitary and accidental inspiration of a mind not essentially poetic that they have been often attributed to one of those unexplained freaks of intellect of which the history of literature furnishes occasional examples. Wolfe is thus looked upon as occupying in letters a position analogous to that of Single-speech Hamilton in politics, and as having risen under the pressure of a strong and abnormal impulse to a level far beyond that which his mental calibre naturally qualified him to reach. Yet, although the scanty memorials of his muse fill but a few pages, the half-dozen or so of lyrics that make up the chief part of his poetical performance are all of a very high order of merit, and it is perhaps not too much to say that no writer so insignificant

in the volume of his work has left so large a proportion that is of real excellence.

It must be said, too, that Wolfe's reputation has suffered not less from the paucity of his own achievements than from the affectionate indiscretion of his biographer. The readers, now confined in all probability to a very few students of literature, who are familiar with the once popular volume which is the only authoritative record of the poet's career, could scarcely be enabled by the perusal of it to form a very exalted estimate of Wolfe's talents, or to comprehend the sources of the peculiar fascination which his character is known to have exercised over all with whom he came in contact. In the memoir prefixed by Archdeacon Russell to the volumes of *Remains*, published two years after Wolfe's death, it is not so much the loss of a poet of promise that is mourned, as the premature close of a life of singular piety. Indeed the original intention was to publish only Wolfe's sermons. Even after the editor had decided "to give a short account of the author, interspersed with his poems and other remains," the poetical fragments were scattered irregularly through a mosaic of biography and of prose extracts, chiefly devotional, taken from Wolfe's commonplace books. And the whole was made ancillary to a volume of sermons, which, though

of more than average merit as specimens of pulpit eloquence, possess little of the elements of enduring interest. The poet was lost in the parson. Even in this evil world, it must be allowed by the most censorious that piety is less rare than poetry; and it is a pity that Wolfe's biographer failed to appreciate the fact. That the Archdeacon's memorial volumes, thus overloaded with matter which could hardly be found generally interesting, should have passed within twenty-two years through as many as nine editions, is a high tribute to the force and beauty of the few specimens of Wolfe's poetry which, interspersed through many pages of admiring but not always discriminating eulogy, reveal the full powers of the poet's intellect.

But although the published memoir failed to convey an adequate impression of Wolfe's gifts, it undoubtedly elicited the materials for a more accurate appreciation. The attention which Dr. Russell's volumes drew to Wolfe, brought forth a large number of letters and articles from personal friends, and from these a better knowledge of the poet's characteristics can be gained. From these references it is plain that the poverty of Wolfe's performance was out of all proportion to his ability—a circumstance which may be set down in part to a rare modesty and simplicity of mind, which rendered him almost

altogether unconscious of his unusual talent, and in part to the diversity of the interests which engrossed his leisure. These tributes to his genius possess a stronger title to credence than usually attaches to the enthusiastic panegyrics of personal friends, for they are in almost every case the tributes of men of great ability who enjoyed distinction in their day. From them it may be gathered that Wolfe, during the few years which formed the too brief period of his close contact with the world, impressed his contemporaries by the splendour of his talents, and that as the most brilliant member of a college coterie of exceptional intellectual vivacity, he attracted admiration by a union of the highest mental qualities with a singular purity of mind and elevation of moral character.

As the volumes of Archdeacon Russell's memoir have long been out of print, and as almost all the other memorial tributes are lost to ordinary readers in the waste of the ephemeral pages in which they were published, it has been thought proper to make some effort to revive the fading memory of Wolfe's personality. And it is believed that lovers of poetry will be grateful for a booklet which brings together for the first time, in a convenient form, all of Wolfe's verse that can now be collected. Even though he

had written nothing but the stanzas which have conferred upon Sir John Moore and himself a dual immortality, that single achievement might well be deemed justification sufficient for an attempt to chisel anew, in the reverent spirit of an "Old Mortality," the time-worn epitaph of a gifted Irishman.

It has therefore seemed worth while to make this attempt to recall the attention of lovers of literature to a figure which presents the characteristics of a poet of no mean order. Had the circumstances of his life been more favourable, Wolfe might well have attained to a position in the history of English poetry as high, perhaps, as that which is occupied by Campbell. Even with a spirit clouded and saddened by an experience which produced a permanent effect on his perhaps too feminine nature, he might, had his life been prolonged and had he been endowed with leisure sufficient to devote himself to literature, have taken high rank among that order of our poets in which Cowper's is the most representative name. He is one of the might-have-beens of English poetry. But even with the limitations of his sombre career he has left enough to merit warmer remembrance than is now accorded to his modest and retiring figure. And he deserves recognition as the author not only of one of the most touching

elegies in the language, but of two or three other lyrics which possess the charm with which they were impressed by Wolfe's gentle and tender pensiveness, and the mournful accents of his chastened, but essentially poetic spirit.

inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for forcing the two stanzas that I told you so much

1.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

4.

Few & short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lowly pillow,
That the foe & the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6.

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant & random gun

John Taylor Esq.
at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's
Clonoulty
Cashel

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

I.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

VI.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

SONG.

Air—GRAMACHREE.

I.

IF I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

II.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

III.

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in the grave—
And I am now alone !

IV.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

SONG.

I.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee;
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting as the gloom of mine!
Go, forget me, etc.

II.

Like the Sun, thy presence glowing
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.
Like the Sun, etc.

III.

Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell ;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty ! fare ye well !
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted :
Glory's burning—generous swell,
Fancy and the Poet's shell.
Go, thou vision, etc.

THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

I.

I MUST tune up my harp's broken string,
For the fair has commanded the strain ;
But yet such a theme will I sing,
That I think she'll not ask me again :

II.

For I'll tell her—Youth's blossom is blown,
And that Beauty, the flower, must fade ;
(And sure if a lady can frown,
She'll frown at the words I have said.)

III.

The smiles of the rose-bud how fleet !
They come—and as quickly they fly :
The violet how modest and sweet !
Yet the Spring sees it open and die.

IV.

How snow-white the lily appears !
Yet the life of a lily's a day ;
And the snow that it equals, in tears
To-morrow must vanish away.

V.

Ah, Beauty ! of all things on earth
How many thy charms most desire !

Yet Beauty with Youth has its birth,—
And Beauty with Youth must expire.

VI.

Ah, fair ones ! so sad is the tale,
That my song in my sorrow I steep ;
And where I intended to rail,
I must lay down my harp, and must weep.

VII.

But Virtue indignantly seized
The harp as it fell from my hand ;
Serene was her look, though displeased,
As she uttered her awful command.

VIII.

" Thy tears and thy pity employ
For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain,—
But those who my blessings enjoy
Thy tears and thy pity disdain.

IX.

" For Beauty alone ne'er bestowed
Such a charm as Religion has lent,
And the cheek of a belle never glowed
With a smile like the smile of content.

X.

" Time's hand, and the pestilence-rage,
No hue, no complexion can brave ;
For Beauty must yield to old age,
But I will not yield to the grave."

FAREWELL TO LOUGH BRAY.

THEN fare thee well!—I leave thy rocks and
glens,
And all thy wild and random majesty,
To plunge amid the world's deformities,
And see how hideously mankind deface
What God hath given them good:—while
viewing thee,
I think how grand and beautiful is God,
When man has not intruded on his works,
But left his bright creation unimpaired.
'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe
Delightful,—therefore eyed, with joy grotesque—
With joy I could not speak; (for on this heart
Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and
scarce
A casual wind has blown the veil aside,
And shown me her immortal lineaments,)
'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark
Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,
The deep and holy darkness of thy wave,
And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood
Athwart us, and confronted us at once,
Seeming to vindicate the worship due,

And yet reclined in proud recumbency,
As if secure the homage would be paid :
It looked the genius of the place, and seemed
To superstition's eye, to exercise
Some sacred, unknown function.—Blessed scenes !
Fraught with primeval grandeur ! or if aught
Is changed in thee, it is no mortal touch
That sharpened thy rough brow, or fringed thy skirts
With coarse luxuriance :—'twas the lightning's force
Dashed its strong flash across thee, and did point
The crag : or, with a stormy thunderbolt,
Th' Almighty architect himself disjoined
Yon rock ; then flung it down where now it hangs,
And said, " Do thou lie there ;"—and genial rains
(Which e'en without the good man's prayer came down)
Called forth thy vegetation.—Then I watched
The clouds that coursed along the sky, to which
A trembling splendour o'er the waters moved
Responsive ; while at times it stole to land,
And smiled among the mountain's dusky locks.
Surely there linger beings in this place
For whom all this is done :—it cannot be

That all this fair profusion is bestowed
For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.
Haply some glorious spirits here await
The opening of heaven's portals ; who disport
Along the bosom of the lucid lake ;
Who cluster on that peak ; or playful peep
Into yon eagle's nest ; then sit them down
And talk to those they left on earth, and those
Whom they shall meet in heaven ; and, haply
tired,
(If blessed spirits tire in such employ,)
The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest
Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze.—
Ah ! whither do I roam—I dare not think—
Alas ! I must forget thee ; for I go
To mix with narrow minds and hollow hearts—
I must forget thee—fare thee, fare thee well !

SONG.

I.

Oh say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it—
That Nature's form so dear of old
No more has power to charm it;
Or that th' ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

II.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness;
Oft look on those who loved them too
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I longed to view the light
In Nature's features glowing;
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

III.

Stern Duty rose, and frowning flung
  His leaden chain around me ;
With iron look and sullen tongue
  He muttered as he bound me—
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
  Unfit for toil the creature ;
These for the free alone are given,—
  But what have slaves with Nature?"

SPANISH SONG.

Air—VIVA EL REY FERNANDO.

THE chains of Spain are breaking—
Let Gaul despair, and fly ;
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking—
Let tyrants hear, and die.

Her standard o'er us arching
Is burning red and far ;
The soul of Spain is marching
In thunders to the war.—
Look round your lovely Spain,
And say shall Gaul remain ?—

Behold yon burning valley—
Behold yon naked plain—
Let us hear their drum—
Let them come, let them come !
For vengeance and freedom rally,
And Spaniards ! onward for Spain !

Remember, remember Barossa—
Remember Napoleon's chain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And strike for the cause of Spain—
Remember your own Saragossa,
And onward, onward for Spain !

SONG.

I.

Oh my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me ;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there—
'Tis that that has undone me.

II.

I might have passed that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me ;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

III.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
Yet how from the thought to sever ?
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

IV.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,
The elegant form that haunts me—
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

V.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,
  Though I once in its notes delighted :
The feeling and mind that comes whispering
    forth
  Has left me no music beside it.

VI.

Who could blame had I loved that face,
  Ere my eye could twice explore her?
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
  And her warm, warm heart I adore her.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

My own friend—my own friend!
There's no one like my own friend;
For all the gold
The world can hold
I would not give my own friend.

II.

So bold and frank his bearing, boy,
Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
In Lapland's snow
Or Chili's glow,
You'd say "What news from Erin, boy?"

III.

He has a curious mind, boy—
'Tis jovial—'tis refined, boy—
'Tis richly fraught
With random thought,
And feelings wildly kind, boy.

IV.

'Twas eaten up with care, boy,
For circle, line, and square, boy—

And few believed
That genius thrived
Upon such drowsy fare, boy.

V.

But his heart that beat so strong, boy,
Forbade her slumber long, boy—
So she shook her wing,
And with a spring
Away she bore along, boy.

VI.

She wavers unconfined, boy,
All wayward on the wind, boy,
Yet her song
All along
Was of those she left behind, boy.

VII.

And we may let him roam, boy,
For years and years to come, boy;
In storms and seas—
In mirth and ease,
He'll ne'er forget his home, boy.

VIII.

O give him not to wear, boy,
Your rings of braided hair, boy—
Without this fuss
He'll think of us—
His heart—he has us there, boy.

IX.

For what can't be undone, boy,
He will not blubber on, boy—
He'll brightly smile,
Yet think the while
Upon the friend that's gone, boy.

X.

O saw you his fire-side, boy,
And those that round it bide, boy,
You'd glow to see
The thrilling glee
Around his fire-side, boy.

XI.

Their airy poignant mirth, boy,
From feeling has its birth, boy;
'Tis worth the groans
And all the moans
Of half the dolts on earth, boy.

XII.

Each soul that there has smiled, boy,
Is Erin's native child, boy—
A woodbine flower
In Erin's bower,
So elegant, so wild, boy.

XIII.

The surly clouds that roll, boy,
Will not for storms console, boy;

'Tis the rainbow's light
So tenderly bright
That softens and cheers the soul, boy.

XIV.

I'd ask no friends to mourn, boy,
When I to dust return, boy—
No breath of sigh,
Or brine of eye
Should gather round my urn, boy.

XV.

I just would ask a tear, boy,
From every eye that's there, boy;
Then a smile each day,
All sweetly gay,
My memory should repair, boy.

XVI.

The laugh that there endears, boy—
The memory of your years, boy—
Would more delight
Your hovering sprite
Than half the world's tears, boy.

The three following pieces are not printed in Archdeacon Russell's *Remains*, and do not appear to have been known to Wolfe's biographer. They were found some years ago in manuscript, bound as *addenda* at the end of a copy of the third edition (1827) of Russell's book, now in the possession of the Rev. J. O. Murray, M.A., of Leicester. The pieces are written in a faded hand-writing on a single quarto sheet, on the fourth page of which it is stated that "the first of these poems was lately published in a magazine"—the last two are unpublished.

The Sonnet, together with two stanzas from "The Contrast" and the concluding stanza of "The Last Rose of Summer," have been printed by Mr. T. W. Rolleston in his *Treasury of Irish Poetry* (1900).

THE CONTRAST.

LINES WRITTEN WHILE STANDING UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I.

I SAW him once on the Terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness;
Bright was the sun and the trees were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine
And the bells were merrily ringing.

II.

I stood at the grave beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.
The time since he walked in his glory thus
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him of night unvaried.

III.

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,
And he sat, in his age's lateness,
Like a vision enthroned as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.
A daughter beloved, a Queen, a Son,
And a son's sole child, have perished,
And it saddened each heart, save his alone
By whom they were fondest cherished.

IV.

We have fought the fight. From his lofty throne
The foe to our land we tumbled,
And it gladdened each heart, save his alone
For whom that foe was humbled :
His silver beard o'er a bosom spread
Unvaried by life's emotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snowdrift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

V.

Still o'er him Oblivion's waters lay,
Though the tide of life kept flowing ;
When they spoke of the King, 'twas but to say,
"The old man's strength is going."
At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

VI.

He is gone at length—he is laid in dust,
Death's hand his slumber breaking ;
For the coffined sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and certain waking ;
The people's heart is his funeral urn,
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

ON HEARING "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

I.

THAT strain again! It seems to tell
Of something like a joy departed;
I love its mourning accents well,
Like voice of one, ah! broken-hearted.

II.

That note that pensive dies away,
And can each answering thrill awaken,
It sadly, wildly, seems to say,
Thy meek heart mourns its truth forsaken.

III.

Or there was one who never more
Shall meet thee with the looks of gladness,
When all of happier life was o'er,
When first began thy night of sadness.

IV.

Sweet mourner, cease that melting strain,
Too well it suits the grave's cold slumbers;
Too well—the heart that loved in vain
Breathes, lives, and weeps in those wild numbers.

SONNET.

My spirit's on the mountains, where the birds
In wild and sportive freedom wing the air,
Amidst the heath flowers and the browsing herds,
Where nature's altar is, my spirit's there.
It is my joy to tread the pathless hills,
Though but in fancy—for my mind is free
And walks by sedgy ways and trickling rills,
While I'm forbid the use of liberty.

This is delusion—but it is so sweet
That I could live deluded. Let me be
Persuaded that my springing soul may meet
The eagle on the hills—and I am free.
Who'd not be flattered by a fate like this?
To fancy is to feel our happiness.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM.

Oh have you not heard of the harp that lay
This morning across the pilgrim's way—
The wayward youth that loved to wander
By twilight lone up the mountain yonder?
How that wild harp came there not the wisest
can know,
It lay silent and lone on the mountain's brow;
The eagle's down on the strings that lay
Proved he there had awaited the dawning ray;
But no track could be seen, not a footstep was
near,
Save the course of the hare o'er the strings in
fear,—
And ah! no minstrel is here to be seen
On our mountain's brow, or our valleys green;
And if there were, he had missed full soon
His wild companion so sweet and boon.—
While the youth stood gazing on aghast,
The wind it rose strong, and the wind it rose
fast,
Quick on the harp it came swinging, swinging—
Then away through the strings it went singing,
singing.

Till a peal there arose so lofty and loud,
That the eagle hung breathless upon his cloud ;
And away through the strings the wind it went sweeping,
Till the spirit awoke, that among them was sleeping—
It awoke, it awoke :
It spoke, it spoke—
" I am the spirit of Erin's might,
That brightened in peace, and that nerved her in fight—
The spirit that lives in the blast of the mountain,
And tunes her voice to the roll of the fountain—
The spirit of giddy and frantic gladness—
The spirit of most heart-rending sadness—
The spirit of maidens weeping on
Wildly, tenderly—
The spirit of heroes thundering on
Gloriously, gloriously ;—
And though my voice is seldom heard,
Now another's song's preferred,
I tell thee, stranger, I have sung
Where Tara's hundred harps have rung—
And I have rode by Brien's side,
Rolling back the Danish tide—
And know each echo long and slow
Of still—romantic Glendalough ;
Though now my song but seldom thrills,
Lately a stranger awakened me ;

And Genius came from Scotland's hills,
A pilgrim for my minstrelsy.—
But come—more faintly blows the gale,
And my voice begins to fail—
Pilgrim, take this simple lyre—
And yet it holds a nation's fire—
Take it, while with me 'tis swelling,
To your stately lowland dwelling—
There she dwells—my Erin's maid—
In her charming native shade ;
I have placed my stamp upon her,
Erin's radiant brow of honour ;
Spirits lambent—heart that's glowing—
Mind that's rich, and soul o'erflowing ;
She moves with her bounding mountain-grace,
And the light of her heart is in her face :
Tell the maid—I claim her mine—
For Erin it is hers to shine ;
And, that she still increase her store
Of intellect and fancy's lore,
That I demand from her a mind
Solid, brilliant, strong, refined ;
And that she prize a patriot's fire,
Beyond what avarice can desire ;
And she must pour a patriot's song
Her romantic hills along."—
Her name is Constance—
Constance—Faintly died
The blast upon the mountain side,

Nor scarcely o'er the clouds it brushed ;
And now the murmuring sound is hushed,—
Yet sweetly, sweetly, Constance rung
On the faltering spirit's tongue—
Speak again, the youth, he cried,—
But no faltering sprite replied ;
Wild harp, wild harp,
To Constance I will take thee—
Wild harp, wild harp,
She perhaps will wake thee.

PATRIOTISM.

ANGELS of glory ! came she not from you ?
Are there not patriots in the heaven of heavens?
And hath not every seraph some dear spot—
Throughout th' expanse of worlds some favourite home—
On which he fixes with domestic fondness ?
Doth not e'en Michael on his seat of fire,
Close to the footstool of the throne of God,
Rest on his harp awhile, and from the face
And burning glories of the Deity
Loosen his riveted and raptured gaze,
To bend one bright, one transient downward glance,
One patriot look upon his native star ?
Or do I err ?—and is your bliss complete,
Without one spot to claim your warmer smile,
And e'en an angel's partiality ?
And is that passion, which we deem divine,
Which makes the timid brave, the brave resistless,—
Makes men seem heroes,—heroes, demigods—
A poor, mere mortal feeling ?—No ! 'tis false !
The Deity himself proves it divine ;

For when the Deity conversed with men,
He was himself a Patriot !—to the earth—
To all mankind a *Saviour* was he sent,
And all he loved with a Redeemer's love ;
Yet still, his *warmest* love, his *tenderest* care,
His life, his heart, his blessings, and his mournings,
His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee, Jerusalem—
To thee, his country !—Though, with a prophet's gaze
He saw the future sorrows of the world ;
And all the miseries of the human race,
From age to age, rehearsed their parts before him ;
Though he beheld the fall of gasping Rome,
Crushed by descending Vandals ; though he heard
The shriek of Poland, when the spoilers came ;
Though he saw Europe in the conflagration
Which now is burning, and his eye could pierce
The coming woes that we have yet to feel ;—
Yet still, o'er Sion's walls alone he hung ;
Thought of no trench but that round Sion cast ;
Beheld no widows mourn, but Israel's daughters ;
Beheld no slaughter but of Judah's sons—
On them alone the tears of Heaven he dropped ;
Dwelt on the horrors of their fall—and sighed,
" Hadst thou but known, even now in this thy day,

The things which do belong unto thy peace,—
Hadst thou, O hadst thou known, Jerusalem !"—
Yet well he knew what anguish should be his
From those he wept for ; well did he foresee
The scourge—the thorns—the cross—the agony;
Yet still, how oft upon thy sons he laid
The hands of health ; how oft beneath his wing
Thy children would have gathered, O Jerusalem !—
Thou art not mortal—thou didst come from Heaven,
Spirit of patriotism ! thou *art* divine !
Then, seraph ! where thy first descent on earth ?
Heaven's hallelujahs, for what soul abandoned?—
Close by the side of Adam, ere he woke
Into existence, was thy hallowed stand ;
On Eden and on *thee* his eyes unclosed ;
For say,—instead of wisdom's sacred tree,
And its sweet fatal fruit, had Heaven denied
His daily visit to his natal spot,—
Say, could our father boast one day's obedience?—
And wherefore, Eden, when he passed for ever
Thy gates, in slow and silent bitterness,—
Why did he turn that look of bursting anguish
Upon thy fruits, thy groves, thy vales, thy fountains,
And why inhale with agonising fervour
The last—last breeze that blew from thee upon him ?—

'Twas not alone because thy fruits were sweet—
Thy groves were music—and thy fountains, health—
Thy breezes, balm—thy valleys, loveliness ;
But that they were the first his ear, eye, taste,
Or smell, or feeling had perceived or tasted,
Heard, seen, inhaled ;—because thou wert his *country !*
Yes, frail and sorrowing sire, thy sons forgive thee !
True, thou hast lost us Eden and its joys,
But *thou* hast suffered doubly by the loss !
We were not born *there*—it was not our country !
O holy Angel ! thou hast given us each
This substitute for Paradise ; with thee,
The vale of snow may be our summer walk ;
The pointed rock, the bower of our repose ;
The cataract, our music ; while, for food,
Thy fingers, icy-cold, perhaps may pluck
The mountain-berry; yet, with thee, we'll smile—
Nor shiver when we hear that Father Adam
Once lived in brighter climes, on sweeter food.—
But, ah ! at least to this our second Eden
Permit no artful serpent to approach ;
Let no foul traitor grasp at fruits which thou
Hast interdicted ; and no sword of flame
Flash forth despair, and wave us to our exile.
Yet, rather than that I should rise in shame
Upon my country's downfall, or should draw

One tear from her, or e'en one frown from thee—
Rather than that I should approach her walls,
Like Caius Marcius, with her foes combined,
Or turn, like Sylla, her own sons upon her,—
Let me sit down in silence by thy side
Upon the banks of Babylon,—and weep,
When we remember all that we have lost.
Nor shall we always on the stranger's willow
Allow our harp in sorrow to repose ;
But when thy converse has inspired my soul,
Roused it to frenzy, taught me to forget
Distance, and time, and place, and woe, and exile,
And I no more behold Euphrates' bank,
And hear no more the clanking of my fetters,—
Then in my fervours, shalt thou snatch thy harp,
And strike me one of Sion's loftiest songs,
Until I pour my soul upon the notes—
Deep from my heart—and they shall waft it home.
O Erin ! O my mother ! I will love thee !
Whether upon thy green, Atlantic throne,
Thou sitt'st august, majestic, and sublime ;
Or on thy empire's last remaining fragment,
Bendest forlorn, dejected, and forsaken,—
Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings, and thy woes,
Thy glory and thy infamy, be mine !

Should Heaven but teach me to display my heart,
With Deborah's notes thy triumphs would I sing—
Would weep thy woes with Jeremiah's tears;
But for a warning voice, which, though thy fall
Had been begun, should check thee in mid-air—
Isaiah's lips of fire should utter, Hold!—
Not e'en thy vices can withdraw me from thee;—
Thy crimes I'd shun—thyself would still embrace!
For e'en to me Omnipotence might grant
To be the "tenth just man," to save thee, Erin!—
And when I leave thee, should the lowest seat
In Heaven be mine,—should smiling mercy grant
One dim and distant vision of its glories,—
Then if the least of all the blest can mix
With Heaven one thought of earth,—I'll think of thee.

JUGURTHA INCARCERATUS, VITAM INGEMIT RELICTAM.

WELL—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How!—not employed
in Rome?
We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome?
I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy it now;—
I might have felt them yesterday; but now,—
Now I have seen my funeral procession;
The chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er
me:
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,—
I have attained that terrible consummation
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy; I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.—
Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause
Before his car, and scowl upon the mob;
The curse of Rome was burning on my lips,
And I had gnawed my chain, and hurled it at
them,
But that I knew he would have smiled again,—
A king! and led before the gaudy Marius,

Before those shouting masters of the world,
As if I had been conquered ; while each street,
Each peopled wall, and each insulting window,
Pealed forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.
Oh ! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia !—
Or had I, in that moment of disgrace,
Enjoyed the freedom but of yonder slave,
I would have made my monument in Rome.
Yet am I not that fool, that *Roman* fool,
To think disgrace entombs the hero's soul,—
For ever damps his fires and dims his glories ;
That no bright laurel can adorn the brow
That once has bowed ; no victory's trumpet-sound
Can drown in joy the rattling of his chains ;
No ;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance
Dart preciously across me, I could kiss
Thy footstep's dust again ; then all in flame,
With Massinissa's energies unquenched,
Start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp
The gory laurel reeking in my view,
And force a passage through disgrace to glory—
Victory ! Vengeance ! Glory ! — Oh, these chains !
My soul's in fetters, too ; for, from this moment,
Through all eternity I see but—death ;
To me there's nothing future now, but death :

Then come and let me gloom upon the past.—
So then—Numidia's lost; those daring projects—
(Projects that ne'er were breathed to mortal man,
That would have startled Marius on his car,)
O'erthrown, defeated! What avails it now
That my proud views despised the narrow limits
Which minds that span and measure out ambition
Had fixed to mine; and, while I seemed intent
On savage subjects and Numidian forests,
My soul had passed the bounds of Africa!
Defeated, overthrown! yet to the last
Ambition taught me hope, and still my mind,
Through danger, flight, and carnage, grasped dominion;
And had not Bocchus—curses, curses on him!—
What Rome has done, she did it for ambition;
What Rome has done, I might—I would have done;
What *thou* hast done, thou wretch!—Oh had she proved
Nobly deceitful! had she seized the traitor,
And joined him with the fate of the betrayed,
I had forgiven her all; for he had been
The consolation of my prison hours;
I could forget my woes in stinging him;
And if, before this day, his little soul
Had not in bondage wept itself away,

Rome and Jugurtha should have triumphed o'er
him.
Look here, thou caitiff, if thou canst, and see
The fragments of Jugurtha ; view him wrapt
In the last shred he borrowed from Numidia ;
'Tis covered with the dust of Rome ; behold
His rooted gaze upon the chains he wears,
And on the channels they have wrought upon
him ;
Then look around upon his dungeon walls,
And view yon scanty mat, on which his frame
He flings, and rushes from his thoughts to sleep.
Sleep !
I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever :
When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
I'll sleep no more ! I'll *think* until I die :
My eyes shall pore upon my miseries,
Until my miseries shall be no more.—
Yet wherefore did he scream ? Why, I have
heard
His *living* scream,—it was not half so frightful.
Whence comes the difference ? When the man
was living,
Why, I did gaze upon his couch of torments
With placid vengeance, and each anguished cry
Gave me stern satisfaction. Now he's dead,
And his lips move not ; yet his voice's image
Flashed such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul,
I would not mount Numidia's throne again,

Did every night bring such a scream as that.
Oh, yes, 'twas I that caused that *living* one,
And therefore did its *echo* seem so frightful.
If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee ;
Wilt thou not be contented ?—But thou say'st,
" My father was to thee a father also ;
He watched thy infant years, he gave thee all
That youth could ask, and scarcely manhood
came
Than came a kingdom also ; yet didst thou "—
Oh, I am faint !—they have not brought me
food—
How did I not perceive it until now ?
Hold,—my Numidian cruse is still about me—
No drop within—Oh, faithful friend ! companion
Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
'Tis the first time that thou hast failed my lips.—
Gods ! I'm in tears !—I did not think of weeping.
Oh, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this ?—
Ha ! I behold the ruins of a city ;
And on a craggy fragment sits a form
That seems in ruins also ; how unmoved,
How stern he looks ! Amazement, it is Marius !
Ha ! Marius, think'st thou now upon Jugurtha ?
He turns ! he's caught my eye ! I see no more !

BATTLE OF BUSACO; DELIVERANCE OF PORTUGAL.

THE breeze sighed sadly o'er the midnight flood;
On Lisbon's towers Don Henry's spirit stood;
He wore not helm, he wore not casque; his hair
Streamed like a funeral banner in the air;
In mournful attitude, with aspect drear,
He held reversed his country's guardian spear;
Dark was his eye and gloomy was his brow,
He gazed with sternness on the wave below;
Then thrice aloft the deathful spear he shook,
While sorrow's torrent from his bosom broke:—
"Friends! may the angel of destruction shed
This blood-red cup of horrors on your head!
Throughout your camp may hell-born demons play,
Grin ruin to your host, and howl dismay!
Was it for this, dear, desolated shore!
I taught proud Commerce here her gifts to pour,
Allured from fairer Italy the maid,
And here the ground-works of the empire laid?
Is there a bolt to mortal guidance given?—
Where are the thundering delegates of Heaven?—

Through Europe's plains the tyrant's voice is heard,
And blood-red Anarchy her flag has reared,
Rolled round her gorgon eyes from native France,
And petrified the nations with a glance;
Affrighted Italy her blasted vines
Has dropped, and Spain let fall her orange lines,
And tough Teutonic forests, though they broke
Awhile her force, yet yielded to the stroke.
Where shall I turn, where find the free, the brave,
A heart to pity, and an arm to save?
To Britain, glorious Britain, will I call,
Her bulwark, valour,—and the sea, her wall.
Around her crest Gaul's javelins idly play,
And glance with baffled impotence away;
Her hands the reddening bolts of vengeance bear,
Fate's on her helm, and death upon her spear;
She scorns at Victory's shrine her vows to pay;
She grasps the laurel, she commands the day.
England, what! ho!"—as thus the spectre spoke,
All Lisbon's turrets to their bases shook:—
"England, what! ho!"—again the spectre cried,
And trembling Tagus heaved with all his tide,—
"England, to arms!—at this dread call, advance!
Assist, defend, protect!—now tremble, France"!—

He spoke,—then plunged into the river's breast,
And Tagus wrapt him in his billowy vest.
O'er seas, o'er shores the solemn summons passed,
It rode upon the pinions of the blast.
The midnight shades are gone, the glooms are fled,
See! the dawn broke as Britain reared her head!
With Albion's spear upon her shield she smote;
Through every island rung the inspiring note.
Roused at the sound, the English lion rose,
And burnt to meet hereditary foes;
From Highland rocks came every Scottish clan;
Forward rushed Erin's sons, and led the van.
The Usurper shook,—then sent each chief of name,
Partners of Victory, sharers of his fame,
Who bore Gaul's standard through the hostile throng,
While Lodi trembled as they rushed along;
Who traversed Egypt's plains and Syria's waste,
And left a red memorial where they passed;
Who bathed, 'midst French and Austrian heaps of slain,
Their gory footsteps on Marengo's plain:
And those who laid the Prussian glories low,
Yet felt a Brunswick's last expiring blow;
Who on Vimeira's heights were taught to feel,
The vengeful fury of a freeman's steel;

Who hung on British Moore in his retreat,
And purchased dear experience by defeat.
Such were the chiefs that Gaul's battalia led ;—
Yet England came, they met her, and they fled.
At dark Busaco's foot stood France's might,
The hopes of Britain occupied the height.
Gaul's mantling terrors to the summit tend,—
Hold, Britain, charge not,—the attack suspend ;—
Hushed be the British whirlwind,—not a breath
Be heard within thy host,—be still as death !—
With gathering gloom comes France's dark array,—
Rest, Britain, on thy arms,—thy march delay—
See ! France has gained the summit of the hill !
See ! she advances ! Soldier, yet be still—
She's at our bayonets,—touches every gun,—
Now speed thee, England ! and the work is done.—
Now where is France ?—Yon mountain heap of dead,
Yon scattered band, will tell you how they sped ;
The dying groan, the penetrating yell,
May tell how quick she sunk, how soon she fell ;
Her sons are gone, her choicest blood is spilt,
Her brightest spear is shivered to the hilt.
Nor ceased they here ; but from the mountain height
Tempestuous Britain rolls to meet the fight,
Pours the full tide of battle o'er the plain,

And whelms beneath the waves its adverse train ;
The vanquished squadrons dread an added loss ;
They skulk behind the rampart and the fosse ;—
Why lingers Wellesley ? Does he fear their force ?
Dreads he their foot, or trembles at their horse ?
Alas ! by hands unseen he deals the blow,
By hands unseen he prostrates every foe.
One night—(and France still shudders at that night,
Pregnant with death, with horror, and affright ;)
One night—on plans of victory intent,
A spy into the hostile camp he sent ;
It was a wretch, decrepit, shrivelled, wild,—
A haggard visage that had never smiled ;
The miscreant's jaws were never seen to close,
The miscreant's eyes had never known repose :—
Swift to the Gallic camp she sped her way,
And Britain's soldiers, ere the dawn of day,
Heard through the hostile tents her footstep's tread ;—
For Famine—raging Famine claimed her dead !
With frantic haste they fled the fatal post,
Long boldly held—now miserably lost ;
Dismay, confusion through the rout appear,
Victorious Britain hangs upon their rear.
No, sweet Humanity ! I dare not tell,
How infants bled, how mothers, husbands fell ;

I dare not paint the agonising look
The mother gave when Gaul her infant took,—
Took, and while yet the cherub's smile was fresh,
Pierced its fair limbs and tore its baby-flesh ;—
I dare not paint the wife's transporting woe,
When sunk her husband by Massena's blow.—
Hear, thou dread warrior ! hear, thou man of blood !
Hear, thou with female, infant gore imbrued !
When sinking in the horrors of the tomb,
The avenging angel shall pronounce thy doom—
When war's loud yell grows faint, the drum's dead roll
Strikes languid, and more languid on the soul—
When Britain's cannons may unheeded roar,
And Wellesley's name has power to fright no more,—
Yon widow's shrieks shall pierce thee till thou rave,
And form a dread artillery in the grave !
Heard ye that burst of joy ? From Beira's coast
To Algarva's southern boundaries it crost ;
It passed from undulating Tagus' source,
And burst where Guadiana holds his course.
"Farewell ! proud France ! (they cried) thy power is broke ;
Farewell for ever to thy iron yoke !
But blest for ever be old Ocean's queen,

Still on his bosom may she reign serene.
When on these plains our future offspring gaze,
To them our grateful heart shall sound thy praise.
To Britain's generous aid these plains we owe,
For us she drew the sword, and bent the bow.
We sunk, we crouched beneath a tyrant's hand—
Victorious Britain loosed the usurper's hand.
We bowed to France, obeyed each stern decree,—
Majestic Britain rose—and all was free."

JUVENILE POEMS

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

SILENT and sad, deep gazing on the clay,
Where Lazarus breathless, cold, and lifeless lay,
The Saviour stood: he dropped a heavenly tear,
The dew of pity from a soul sincere:
He heaved a groan!—though large his cup of woe,
Yet still for others' grief his sorrows flow;
He knew what pains must pierce a sister's heart,
When death had sped his sharpest, deadliest dart,
And seized a brother's life. Around they stand,
Sisters and friends, a weeping, mournful band:—
His prayer he raises to the blest abode,
And mercy bears it to the throne of God:
"Lord! thou hast always made thy Son thy care,
Ne'er has my soul in vain preferred its prayer;
Hear now, O Father! this thy flock relieve,—
Dry thou their tears, and teach them to believe
Thy power the sinking wretch from death can save,
And burst the iron fetters of the grave:—

Awake ! arise !" The healing words he spoke,
And death's deep slumbers in a moment broke :
Fate hears astonished,—trembles at the word,
And nature yields, o'ercome by nature's Lord.
Light peeps with glimmering rays into his eyes ;
With lingering paces misty darkness flies ;
The pulse slow vibrates through the languid frame,
The frozen blood renews the vital flame ;
His body soon its wonted strength regains,
And life returning rushes to his veins.—
They look ! they start ! they look !—'tis he, 'tis he !
They see him,—and yet scarce believe they see !
On Him—on Him they turn their thankful eyes,
From whom such wondrous benefits arise :
On Him they look, who, God and Man combined,
Joined mortal feelings with a heavenly mind :
On Him their warm collected blessings poured ;
As Man, they loved Him—and as God, adored.

PRIZE POEM.

ON THE DEATH OF ABEL.

In youthful dignity and lovely grace,
With heaven itself reflected on his face,
In purity and innocence arrayed,
The perfect work of God was Abel made.
To him the fleecy charge his sire consigned :
An angel's figure with an angel's mind,
In him his father every blessing viewed,
And thought the joys of Paradise renewed.
But stern and gloomy was the soul of Cain ;
A brother's virtue was the source of pain ;
Malice and hate their secret wounds impart,
And envy's vulture gnaws upon his heart :
With discontented hand he turned the soil,
And inly grieving, murmured o'er his toil.
Each with his offering to the Almighty came,
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.
Scarce could the pitying Abel bear to bind
A lamb, the picture of his Master's mind ;
Which to the pile with tender hand he drew,
And wept, as he the bleating victim slew.
Around, with fond regard the zephyr played
Nor dared disturb th' oblation Abel made.

The gracious flames accepted, upward flew,
The Lord received them,—for his heart was true.
His first-reaped fruits indignant Cain prepares,—
But vain his sacrifice and vain his prayers,—
For all were hollow : God and nature frowned,
The wind dispersed them, and the Lord disowned.
He looks behind—what flames around him rise?
"O hell! 'tis Abel's, Abel's sacrifice!
Curst, hated sight! another look would tear
My soul with rage, would plunge me in despair!
Still must each wish that Abel breathes be heard;
Still must I see his suit to mine preferred!
Still must this darling of creation share
His parents' dearest love, his Maker's care;
But Cain is doomed his sullen hate to vent—
Is doomed his woes in silence to lament :—
Why should the sound of Abel sound more dear,
More sweet than Cain's unto my father's ear?
Each look, that once on me with pleasure glowed,
Each kiss, each smile, on Abel is bestowed.
He loves me, views me with sincere delight;
Yet, yet I hate him, yet I loathe his sight!
But why detest him? why do I return
Hate for his love,—his warm affection spurn?
Ah! vain each effort, vain persuasion's art,
While rancour's sting is festering in my heart!"

At this ill-fated moment, when his rage
Nor love could bind, nor reason could assuage,
Young Abel came ; he marked his sullen woe,
Nor in the brother could discern the foe.
As down his cheeks the generous sorrow ran,
He gazed with fondness, and at length began :
" Why lowers that storm beneath thy clouded eye ?
Why wouldst thou thus thy Abel's presence fly ?
Turn thee, my brother ! view me laid thus low,
And smooth the threat'ning terrors of thy brow.
Have I offended ? is my fault so great,
That truth and friendship cannot change thy hate ?
Then tell me, Cain, O tell me all thy care ;
O cease thy grief, or let thy Abel share."
No tears prevail : his passions stronger rise ;
Increasing fury flashes from his eyes ;
At once, each fiend around his heartstrings twines,—
At once, all hell within his soul combines,
" Ah serpent ! "—At the word he fiercely sprung,
Caught th' accursed weapon, brandished, swung,
And smote ! the stroke descended on his brow ;
The suppliant victim sunk beneath the blow :
The streaming blood distained his locks with gore—
Those beauteous tresses that were gold before :
Nor could his lips a deep-drawn sigh restrain ;

Not for himself he sighed—he sighed for Cain :
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,
And beamed forgiveness, ere they closed their last.
The murderer viewed him with a vacant stare,—
Each thought was anguish, and each look despair.
"Abel, awake ! arise !" he trembling cried ;
"Abel, my brother !"—but no voice replied.
At every call more madly wild he grew,
Paler than he whom late in rage he slew.
In frightful silence o'er the corse he stood,
And chained in terror, wondered at the blood.
"Awake ! yet oh ! no voice, no smile, no breath !
O God, support me ! O should this be death !
O thought most dreadful ! how my blood congeals !
How every vein increasing horror feels !
How faint his visage, and how droops his head !
O God, he's gone !—and I have done the deed !"
Pierced with the thought, the fatal spot he flies,
And, plunged in darkness, seeks a vain disguise.
Eve, hapless Eve ! 'twas thine these woes to see,
To weep thy own, thy children's misery !
She, all unconscious, with her husband strayed
To meet her sons beneath their favourite shade :
To them the choicest fruits of all her store,
Delightful task ! a pleasing load she bore.

While with maternal love she looked around—
Lo! Abel, breathless, weltering on the ground!
She shrieked his name—'twas all that she could say,
Then sunk, and lifeless as her Abel lay.
Not long the trance could all her senses seal,
She woke too soon returning woe to feel.
Those lips, that once gave rapture to her breast,
Now cold in death, the afflicted mother pressed.
Fixed in the silent agony of woe
The father stood, nor comfort could bestow.
Weep, wretched father! hopeless mother, weep!
A long, long slumber Abel's doomed to sleep!
Wrapped in the tangling horrors of the wood,
The murderer sought to fly himself and God.
Night closed her welcome shades around his head,
But angry conscience lashed him as he fled.
"Here stretch thy limbs, thou wretch! O may this blast
Bear death, and may this moment be thy last!
May blackest night eternal hold her reign;
And may the sun forget to light the plain!
Ye shades, surround me! darkness hide my sin!
'Tis dark without, but darker still within.
O Abel! O my brother! could not all
Thy love for me preserve thee from thy fall!
Why did not Heaven avert that deadly blow,
That dreadful, hated wound, that laid thee low!

O I'm in hell ! each breath, each blast alarms,
And every maddening demon is in arms :
The voice of God, the curse of Heaven I hear ;
The name of murdered Abel strikes my ear,
Rolls in the thunder, rustles in the trees,
And Abel ! Abel ! murmurs in the breeze.
Still fancy scares me with his dying groan,
And clothes each scene in horrors not its own.
Curst be that day, the harbinger of woes,
When first my mother felt a mother's throes ;
When sweetly smiling on my infant face,
She blest the firstling of a future race.
O Death ! thou hidden, thou mysterious bane !
Can all thy terrors equal living pain ?—
Yet still there lies a world beyond the grave,
From whence no death, no subterfuge can save.
Thou, God of Vengeance ! these my sufferings see,—
To all the God of Mercy, but to me !
O soothe the tortures of my guilty state,—
Great is thy vengeance, but thy mercy great.
My brother ! thou canst see how deep I grieve ;
Look down, thou injured angel, and forgive !
Far hence, a wretched fugitive, I roam,
The earth my bed, the wilderness my home.
Far hence I stray from these delightful seats,
To solitary tracts, and drear retreats.
Yet ah ! the very beasts will shun my sight,
Will fly my bloody footsteps with affright.

No brother they, no faithful friend have slain,
Detested only for that crime is Cain.
Had I but lulled each fury of my soul,
Had held each rebel passion in control,
To nature and to God had faithful proved,
And loved a brother as a brother loved,—
Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,
And Cain had breathed his last on Abel's breast!"

NOTES

Note I.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

The exact date at which the poem was written has never been precisely fixed. But it must have been composed considerably earlier than the date—Sept. 6, 1816—of the copy in the poet's handwriting reproduced in this volume by permission of the Royal Irish Academy. A letter printed by Archdeacon Russell in a note to the ninth edition of the *Remains* (p. 20) gives the approximate date. Wolfe's college friend Charles Dickinson, Bishop of Meath, writing on Aug. 28, 1841, then stated as follows:—"I distinctly remember that I read to Hercules Graves, Charles Wolfe's poem on Sir John Moore—in my rooms No. 5 in college. This must have been between March 21, 1812, and December 23, 1815; for it was during that time that I resided in those rooms."

Note II.

GRAMACHREE

Archdeacon Russell gives the following account of the genesis of this poem:—

"Another of his—Wolfe's—favourite melodies was the popular Irish air 'Gramachree.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want individuality of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears. He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have

prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not, but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words." —*Wolfe's Remains*, 9th edition, pp. 34 and 36.

Note III.

GO, FORGET ME

Archdeacon Russell states that this song "was written at the request of a lady of high professional character as a musician, for an air of her own composition, which I believe was never published."—*Remains*, 9th edition, p. 36.

Note IV.

SPANISH SONG

"He was so much struck by the grand national Spanish air, 'Viva el Rey Fernando,' the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a strain of grandeur, and suddenly subsides, for a few bars, into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions, but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twelfth line."—*Wolfe's Remains*, 9th edition, p. 30.

Note V.

TO A FRIEND

These lines are addressed to Wolfe's college friend George Grierson, the brother of the young lady to whom the poet was attached, and who inspired "Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue." Grierson, according to a tradition preserved by his descendants, had written some verses beginning—

"My own home, my own home!
There's no place like my own home."

His showing them to Wolfe suggested these verses.

Note VI.

ON HEARING "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER"

"The Last Rose of Summer" had a great charm for Wolfe. Archdeacon Russell prints (*Remains*, pp. 32–34) a striking prose idyll, "The Grave of Dermid," written by Wolfe "as an introduction to this song."

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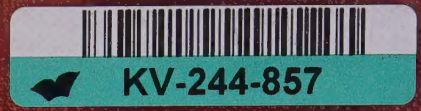
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